

# U. S. Mandatories Mean Fascinating Experiences to Doughboys

Armenia, Embracing Garden of Eden and Ararat, With Noah's Vineyard, Offers Dreamland of Scenic Beauty—Quaint Customs Are to Be Mastered, Particularly if Yank Decides to Wed Where Wives Are Willing Slaves



TYPES of the PEOPLE the AMERICAN SOLDIERS WOULD HAVE to DEAL WITH.

AN interesting subject of diplomatic gossip is how the American soldier will adapt himself to the new duties and unique surroundings of some of the distant foreign areas he will of necessity become intimate with in case the system of American mandatories involved in the League of Nations becomes an accomplished fact. Armenia in general and more particularly the so-called Republic of Ararat are most frequently mentioned as zones to be given over to the protecting wing of the American eagle. Every one admits if the job is done at all by Uncle Sam it will be done in the typical wholehearted

## Columbia's Famed Law Class of '69 Plans Reunion

JUST fifty years ago—or, to be precise, on May 19, 1869—there was a notable assemblage in the Academy of Music, then the favorite resort of the fashionable world of New York.

The occasion on that nineteenth of May was the graduation of the class of '69 in the Columbia Law School, situated at that time in Lafayette place opposite the Astor Library. As the years went by it became more and more evident that the class of '69 was no ordinary one, and for many years now it has been a common saying in the legal profession that it contained more distinguished members than any other class that Columbia ever had—more, that is, in proportion to its numbers than any other, for there were only 128 men who received their diplomas that day.

To-morrow evening, on the semi-centennial anniversary of the graduation of their class, covers are to be laid in a private dining room at Delmonico's for twenty-two men, all who survive of the entire membership.

Some of the twenty-two have added greatly to the renown of the class, though naturally enough there were many of great distinction who have passed away. To enumerate these latter would be to call a long roll, but some brief mention of some of the survivors will be found of considerable interest, even to laymen. Among members of the bar it is regarded as a remarkable list.

In the first place it is distinctively American, 125 of those who graduated



health, the son of Noah. The name Armenian is derived from Aram, one of the mighty kings of the nation. The first Armenian dynasty dates back to 2350 B. C.

Armenia is the proud possessor of Ararat—now the republic of Ararat—which is identified with the beginning of the history of the human race, for when the flood subsided Noah's ark is supposed to have rested upon the mountain of Ararat. The name of the village at the entrance to the glen on the northeast foot of Mount Ararat is Arghuri, meaning "he planted the vine," and American troops may be told that this was Noah's vineyard. Near by is another spot called "Mard," meaning "the mother lies here," and this is pointed out as the burial place of Noah's wife. The first strip of land seen from the ark is also shown to visitors at a place called "Eravan," meaning visible, and the town of Nakhwan, meaning "first habitation," is another point of interest.

If the little Republic of Ararat wins mandatory protection from the United States, American soldiers may have the opportunity of defending the mountain which is regarded with superstitious awe. It is believed by the surrounding people still to contain the relics of Noah's ark, unchanged by time or decay. But Tatars and Turks say its summit is the abode of the devil and launch frequent campaigns against its "evil influence." American troops may well have an opportunity of engaging in almost continuous warfare in defence of this most ancient historical shrine.

Not Many Troops Needed.

Diplomats in Washington, especially the Bulgarian Minister, say that the taking over of mandatory powers by the United States will not involve sending large bodies of troops to hold the country down by force. They say a distinction should be made between sending troops to a friendly country to assist in its internal affairs, and sending troops to a hostile country to subvert its government. The latter would be a case of a whole American because of her money and her interestlessness, would be royally received. A few regiments of American troops would be all that would be necessary, the Bulgarian Minister believes, to exercise the mandatory powers for the particular benefit of the Armenians for the next fifteen years. The American officers could form rural militia and the rural guards from the ranks of the Armenians, and the regiments of American troops maintained in Armenia with the full consent of the people would form the backbone of the military force.

Admittedly there is more or less a state of continual war in Armenia because of the Kurds who prey on the Christians. The Kurds or chiefs of the Kurds harass the Christians in every way and break up Christian marriage ceremonies in order to seize the brides. There is at present no organized force to hold the Kurds in check and they live on robbery and pillage. But with American troops in Armenia it is firmly believed by diplomats that the activities of the Kurds will be held in check if not stamped out altogether. One view is that the Kurds might even lay down their arms as soon as they see the American troops arrive.

Queer Marriage Customs.

The Armenians are intelligent and economical. The ancient customs prevail in many places and here there will be special opportunity for the Americans to learn and appreciate the ancient ways. New ideas of courtship, of marriage, of social etiquette will be absorbed by the Yanks.

For example, if an American soldier goes to call on a girl he may find her father present and may be offered a cup of coffee, while the girl waits for the empty cup. The American soldier must drink coffee, return the cup and say: "God reward you, beautiful child."

If the American receives a ring the next day it means that the girl likes him and that the wedding ceremony is to be held eight days later.

The wedding, according to the custom of the people, always begins on Friday. This means that the bride and her friends go to the public bath and spend the day bathing and feasting. The invited guests, in their best clothes, go to the house on Saturday night, where they sit on the floor or in chairs, according to their station in life. A wedding feast with rare Oriental dishes is had from low tables and it is by custom not a dry supper. So far apparently the bride and the bridegroom celebrate each with their own friends and in their own way. The ceremony continues on into the next day, which is featured by the bridegroom having his head shaved before the guests in a very showy manner and with great ceremony.

Bridegroom's Clothes Blessed.

Later, in case the bridegroom is an American soldier for example, the priest arrives to bless the Yank's peering apparel before he puts it on. By ten o'clock all start out, priest, bridegroom and friends, for the home of the bride. The men carry torches and are accompanied by musicians. Arriving on the scene the American soldier would be welcomed by having rose water sprinkled over him and would otherwise be accorded a magnificent reception. He begins then to go the rounds, kissing the hands of all the guests, but beginning with the father-in-law and the mother-in-law. The bride meanwhile, appearing very bashful, remains modestly off in a corner covered from head to foot in scarlet silk. She must not respond when the priest first calls: "Bring forth the bride." Upon the second call she must stand apart, but on the third call she comes forth.

The American and his bride would then go to the altar, where after a ceremony lasting about an hour their heads come in contact. The heads are tied together with a string and the ceremony is finished for the time being. The actual ceremonial function continues until the following Saturday, when the Yank and his bride would be called upon to go to the home of the father-in-law and mother-in-law and kiss their hands again.

Shoes Stand at Door.

If a Yank is a guest he must not forget to take off his boots before entering the parlor. He will see shoes arranged in pairs at the door, serving as a "Who's Who" for guests preceding him. In some cases slippers put over the boots for the special occasion will serve the same purpose as taking off the shoes, the idea being that the guest must not enter with the shoes carrying the dirt from the street.

It will be essential in some respects, in case the mandatory plan goes through, for the American troops not to shave either their mustaches or

## All New York Joins in Reemployment Service

IT is a common looking building enough, the big bleak Hallenbeck building just back of City Hall in Pearl street. Occupied as a depot by the Quartermaster's Department of the army during the war, it is dreary enough to repel more than a casual glance from the passerby. Yet through it, in a scant two weeks, nearly 1,000 discharged soldiers and sailors, men from high salaried professional jobs to unskilled laborers, who went in jobless, uncertain and worried as to their civilian livelihood, have come out secure in jobs and free from the let down in morale that discouragement breeds.

Through it they have gone to South America, Cuba, Detroit, and by the hundreds found their readjustment back into civilian berths right here next to their own front door in New York.

For the old building at 505 Pearl street is now the headquarters of the reemployment bureau of New York for soldiers, sailors and marines. In it all Greater New York, more than eighty employers' associations and welfare associations (Red Cross, National Catholic War Council, K. of C., U. S. Employment Service, Jewish Welfare Board, Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army and War Camp Community Service), have united in a mighty stride to swing New York's main clear of the stigma of letting her ex-fighters walk the city streets jobless.

If a "closeup" of the discharged men seeking readjustment back into civilian life is desired, one cannot do better than follow the arrow up to the fourth floor to the registration division. There while you will find hundreds of men in the various stages of job hunting, you will get your first surprise in finding so remarkably few men in uniform.

Near by a man is answering the questionnaire to the clerk opposite. Informally they sit facing each other at a small table well away from the rest of the group to insure privacy.

Some of the Extreme Types.

"Yes, I was a professor of mathematics in a Western university for eleven years before I got my commission in a field artillery," he was saying, "but my experience overseas has convinced me that I want something broader and bigger now. I will never be satisfied to be shut up in a classroom again. And by the way, I speak and read and write four languages, so that ought to help."

Across the immense room a big, husky fellow was going through the same questionnaire.

"I can't read or write," was his unabashed answer to the examiner when asked to sign his name. Inquiry developed he was born in the mountains of Kentucky. A common laborer, yet he was accustomed to pulling down his \$4.50 a day before the war—equal to the field artillery officer's professorship income.

In between these extreme types there daily are hundreds of others just as varied and interesting.

"Aw, what I did was nothing much, believe me," an embarrassed young man was objecting as a pal told the examiner he had been cited for extreme bravery in action. His "nothing much" was to advance to rescue his top sergeant lying wounded out in the open and single handed to slay an enemy machine nest and clear the way for him. He was cited by Brig.-Gen. Pierce of the Twenty-seventh Division.

"I slashed the barbed wire with my bayonet. Bullets peppered all about me but only one got me. Honest, I sure don't know how I did it. Just luck, I guess. But when I got back with my sergeant over my shoulder I was too late; he lived just long enough to give me some things for his mother and then crumpled up. A job? Well, I was a crackerjack bookkeeper before I went in, but now it's got to be something out of doors," he added cheerfully. "When you're gassed you nose gets to bleeding and you feel dizzy like when the gas gets too close."

Another wounded man, who before the war was an interior decorator, was placed by the bureau in the same capacity with a leading Fifth avenue house. "I was with the French army as an ambulance driver and was wounded and slightly gassed when a gas shell exploded near my post," he said. "I stayed there about twelve hours driving the wounded, and then I was relieved and had my head fixed up."

Many men on release in the service are undecided as to the choice of a job between their old pre-war occupation and that learned in the army. One such man's mind was quickly made up for him. "Well, I was an army cook and I thought I kinder like to stick to it," was his uncertain answer when questioned. Just then a woman rang up to call for a good

army cook at once at \$50 a month and board.